

Roses and Silver Scales

by Starry Eyed Artist

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-21 00:09:39

Updated: 2013-04-24 22:50:32

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:34:37

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 5,671

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Nothing ever changes in Berk. Then Hiccup Haddock moved in, and a new teenage dance star has appeared in the teens club. And Astrid started receiving roses and notes every night on top of it. She doesn't think of a connection between the dancer (who has started taking a liking to her), the roses and Hiccup. She is now more determined than ever to find out what's going on.

1. Chapter 1: Roses

**Hello! ObsessesEasily here, and I really hope this story will turn out fine. The chapters are most likely going to be short. Because I've also been having random times where writes block will hit me full force. Its been so annoying. **

I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, or any of the characters. I hope that is clear.

* * *

><p>Roses. Every night, I had found a rose by my bed. Little notes came along with them. I don't know who is sending them, but they are really pretty. This has been happening for the past two months. Around the time Haddock showed up.<p>

Should I back up a little bit? My name is Astrid Hofferson. I have blonde hair, and bright stormy blue eyes, plus I have a shameful amount of freckles. I am sixteen and I go to Berk's only high school; Flickerstar High. I dunno who named it, but I couldn't care less. Berk is a really small town, down in Florida. Not many residents and its pretty plain. I've lived here my whole life.

A few months ago, we got a new kid from somewhere up north â€“ Montana, I think - named Hiccup Haddock. We all teased him relentlessly, but I kinda ignored him. He was really quiet outside of class, and stays to himself. He's always drawing in this little

notebook of his, but he is the smartest kid in school.

Back to the present, I woke up this morning to my alarm clock going off. I turned it off, and was up and dressed within moments. I looked over at the vase on my windowsill. The roses sat there, standing bright and proud. I ran downstairs, and grabbed a bagel. I spread some nutella and peanut butter on it, and walked out the door, calling, "Bye mom, bye dad!"

I jogged over to my bus stop and took a bite out of my bagel. I sat down on the curb, and watched everyone else show up. My friend Ashton "We call her Ruffnut" plopped down next to me. Her brother Scott, also known as Tuffnut, was talking with Blake. We call him Snotlout. Fredrick was standing nervously at the edge.

"Fishlegs, get over here!" Snotlout called, and he scurried over. I smiled, and silently offered Tuffnut some of my bagel. Hiccup showed up, writing in his little book. Snotlout stalked over to him. The two are cousins, and Snotlout only saw him during family reunions.

"What's in that little book of yours, twerp?" Snotlout mocked. Hiccup looked up, and snapped his book shut. He fumbled trying to get his backpack open.

"Nothing," He mumbled. Snotlout snickered and ripped the book out of Hiccup's hands. Hiccup dropped his backpack and lunged for the book. "No!"

"What's this, Hiccup?" Snotlout caught Hiccup, and pushed him backwards onto his butt. He scrambled up and went for his book again. Tuffnut and Ruffnut were chanting, "Fight, fight!" over and over, while Fishlegs stayed out of it. I watched calmly.

Hiccup kicked Snotlout in the shin, and he dropped the book. Snotlout screeched, hopping around on one leg.

I got to the book before Hiccup. He staggered backwards, and I looked at him. His forest eyes were big, and he was blushing. "Astrid! Please, give it back!" He begged. Hiccup went for it again, and I turned, tossing it over my shoulder. I glanced over my shoulder at him. He was picking up his stuff, and I felt a pang of pity.

The bus rolled up and I picked up my bag. I strode onto the bus, and went to the back. I crashed into the one person seat, and Ruffnut dropped her stuff in the one opposite of me. We were talking for a while when a song I adored came on the radios.

I opened my mouth to start singing but someone else beat me to it. I stood up " the bus driver couldn't care less if I did " and Ruffnut peered down the aisle. The voice was coming from farther up front.

"_You seem quite nice for a girl with good looks. And I'm the kinda fellow that'll make you feel better when your life gets shook, so give it a chance according to your plans. I bet I'm not number one on your list to kiss, but please understand._"

Whoever was singing matched up to the voice almost perfectly. The guy stopped singing, as the bus fell silent. It was soon filled up with

chatter.

"Whoa, did you hear that?" Ruffnut gushed. I was grinning, "He sounded almost exactly like the singer!" I laughed.

* * *

><p>It's really funny how fast this kind of stuff spreads. Everyone in school was gushing about the guy on the bus, making assumptions about who he was and what he looked like. All the girls in the locker room were squealing.</p>

"Astrid, you're on this guy's bus, right?" I looked at a girl with long black hair, up in a ponytail. I rolled my eyes and finished putting on my gym clothes.

"Well, yeah." I said. "But I didn't know who it was." Heather looked disappointed, and I left the locker room.

I strode in, and sat down on the bleachers. Hiccup was sitting cross-legged in the corner, hands twitching.

"Oh, did you hear?" Hiccup looked over at us as Heather spoke. I raised an eyebrow.

"Hear about what?" I questioned, leaning my head in my hands.

"The Silver Dragon Dancer, down at the club!" She exclaimed. The girls surrounding us squealed. I blinked, probably wearing a blank face.

"â€| Silver Dragon Dancerâ€|?" I asked.

Hiccup looked away and he said, "He's a new dancer in that teens club a few blocks away from town." He said. "He wears a black hoodie that has little additions that make him look like he's wearing dragon hide, and he has these little silver scales that cover his arms and the fake ear plates on his hood." We all stared at him until he stared to look uncomfortable. "Um, please.. Stop staring at me." He said quietly and moved to the other side of the bleachers, where it was less crowded.

I turned to Heather. "It being Friday, I think I want to come. Think you guys can take me?" She and I got along just fine, after a little skirmish we had a few years back. Heather grinned and nodded.

"I think that can be arranged." Heather said happily.

"Seven?" I asked.

"Yep."

* * *

><p>I'll probably update this later today if I can. I had this idea in my mind â€" and yes, the Silver Dragon Dancer and the Roses are related, just to let you know. I plan to have some more chapters up before the end of the week!

2. Chapter 2: Silver Dragon Dancer

HELLO! Here's the second chapter of Roses and Silver scales. I love writing this, it's so much FUN!

I don't own How to Train Your Dragon! Right, Hiccup?

Hixcup: Why am I here?

Answer the question.

Hiccup: No. You don't own the movie, or the TV show.

* * *

><p>I looked once in the mirror. Taking a deep breath, I washed off any make up I had put on. It made me look cheesy, and that's something I couldn't stand. I had my hair up in a ponytail, something that was rare. I wore one of my favorite skorts, and black leggings. Favorite tee shirt, too. I decided it was safe to leave the bathroom, and I slipped my phone into my pocket.<p>

I went downstairs and started putting on my fur boots. They are the shoes I wear everywhere but school. I had just stood up when a knock came at the door. Sliding on my hoodie, I opened the door and stepped out.

"Let's go!" Heather was obviously excited. Ruffnut stood behind her, my hand, the black-haired girl practically dragged me to her car. I slid into shotgun, and Heather drove away.

We chatted happily on the way there. It was pleasant, no bickering, just a nice smooth debate. By the time we had gotten to the club, Heather and Ruffnut were having a full out argument. I put my hands on their shoulders. "Come on guys, the line's starting getting long." That snapped them out of it.

"Oh, right." Heather blushed and we went and stood in line. It was boring, just standing there. I looked at my watch. 9: 45.

"When does he perform?" I asked.

"Around ten." Heather reassured me. "We have plenty of time." we got to the front, and paid ten bucks for each of us. Stepping inside, I breathed in the familiar scent. People were hitting and having a good time, so I told Ruff and Heather I would meet up with me and the guys agreed and I went to get a drink. Drinking it quickly, I managed to find my way to the front of the crowd.

Gobber, the club's owner, appeared on stage. He was burly man with a blond mustache, and no hair on his sad. He covered it up by wearing a black ski cap. He's a close family friend with my family, and is a long time friend of Hiccup's father, Stoic.

"Hey Everybody!" He yelled. We yelled back. "Who's ready to see the Silver Dragon?!" The crowd started screaming. And as Gobber went off stage, fell silent. Someone stood there, wearing a black hoodie with little silver scales scattered all over. ((**A N Search 'Toothless

Hoodie' on google images. Thats what it looks like.**) He wore a pair of black skinny jeans and converse. He was frozen, and then the music started. He did backflips and his moves were fiery and graceful. I noticed he had a velvet rose, colored silver. Then he paused, kneeling down in front of me.

The girls around me were screaming, but I couldn't hear them. All I heard was my heart beating against my ribs. And then I saw them, his bight forest green eyes. They seemed to glow. He held out his hand, and I reluctantly took it. He grasped my hand in his, and the silver flower was placed in my hand. He stood, and did a few back handsprings, and dissapeared.

I was left standing there, with screaming girls trying to get the flower from me. Once I had forced my way through the crowd, I was in another one â€“ this time of my friends. Heather was staring at me, mouth open, and Snotlout was paring in the direction of the stage.

"Astrid, take another look at that rose..." Ruffntu gasped. I looked at it, and saw it as made of the scales on the Silver Dragon's hoodie. He made the flower out of his own velvet scales.

"Oh my gosh, you are _so _lucky, Astrid." Heather gushed. A girl with auburn hair walked past. He looked an awful lot like Hiccup. She stopped and looked at me, with the same forest eyes as Hiccup and the Silver Dragon. She just kept walking. Those eyes were everywhere now. They're hypnotic, it's not even funny.

"Did you see his face?" Ruffnut asked. I snapped back to attention. I shook my head. "No, but I saw his eyes." I replied.

I turned and ran out of the club. I wanted to go home.

* * *

><p>I placed the Velvet rose on my bedside talble, and picked up the note that came with tonight's Rose.<p>

You know who I am

But I don't know what to say to you

So I stay quiet when I'm around you

So I don't make a fool of myself.

I put the note with all the others. I keep them in a tin that used to hold Pokemon cards. I loved the style they used to right. It was small, slanted, and beautiful. Almost like a girls, but I knew better. I wondered if that girl at the club knew Hiccup. If I see her again, I'll ask.

"Astrid! Someone's Here to see you!" My little brother's voice reached my room.

"Coming!" I walked down the all and stood on the stairway. The girl with auburn hair stood in our doorway. I walked down.

I opened my mouth to speak, and like the boy on the bus, she beat me

to it,

Eyeing my with her green eyes she asked, "Are you Astrid Hofferson?" She had a suprisingly soft voice. I nodded. "Yeah, why?"

"I'm Caldea Haddock."

* * *

><p>I hope this is fine. So, can you guess who the Silver Dragon Dancer is? So, how do you like Caldea? I roleplay her on Tumblr, so I'm familiar with her character. She's Hiccup's sites in this story, though.

Happy cliffhangers!

3. Chapter 3: Pearl Necklace

I stared at the girl who stood in front of me. "Caldeaâ€¦ Haddock?" I asked. She nodded, and stepped in. She rubbed my brother's head. "Yeah. I go to your school." She said. "I'm a year behind you." She smiled.

Leo scampered away after a swat on the shoulder. "Are you related to Hiccup?" I asked after a pause.

"I'm Hiccup's sister." Caldea smiled.

"Oh. Hey, it's late. I'll see you at school." I said. It was 11:00. I went back to my room, and I flopped on my bed. I was soon asleep.

* * *

><p>The weekend passed as a blur, and soon it was Monday and I was at school.<p>

During Drama, Ms. Kingly told us we were doing a project together. I cheered with everyone else, and it quickly turned to a groan.

"But, your partners have already been chosen for you." Snotlout protested, and I shot him a shut-the-heck-up look. He shut his mouth. I folded my hands and listened to teams being listed off.

"Astrid Hofferson, you are being added to the group of Caldea and Hiccup Haddock." I froze, and turned my gaze up to the brother and sister. Caldea had this satisfied look on her face and Hiccup wasn't looking at me. His ears were red.

"You have the rest of the hour to plan." Ms. Kingly left the room.

Caldea and Hiccup's fingers were intertwined as they walked over. I raised an eyebrow. "Caldea, you're making it look like you two are dating."

Hiccup automatically pulled away his hand and stuffed them in his pockets, blushing. "We're not."

"And, I already have a boyfriend." Caldea grinned. I cocked an eyebrow and laughed at Hiccup's expression. He looked so alarmed; it was hard NOT to laugh. His face flushed even darker.

"So, we need to find a piece to do." I looked at Caldea. She had a huge grin on her face, and she nudged Hiccup in the side. He looked at the ground.

"How about we do a piece from Treasure Planet?" Hiccup suggested. I smiled at the mention of that movie. I watched it all the time during my childhood.

"That sounds fine." I say. I pull out my tablet from my bag and Caldea pulls out a notebook. Hiccup got out his own book and started writing who knows what. Caldea and I started discussing any possible scenes to do that wouldn't be impossible.

"How about the scene in the cave?" Caldea suggested. "The one where the Captain is slightly insane?" I agreed and started typing.

We kept talking and throwing out suggestions until the bell rang. Stuffing my tablet in my bag, and said good-bye to the siblings and ran out of the room.

I ran through the halls. Why did I have to be paired with Hiccup? I don't even know if he can do anything! I stopped at my locker, and put in the combination. Opening the door, something fell out. I put my books away, ready to go to the library for study hall, and knelt down. I picked up the package.

I carefully put it into my bag, and shut my locker. First, I get roses from an anonymous figure, then the Silver Dragon Dancer gives me a velvet rose, and someone sends me a package.

Tucking some loose strands of hair behind my ear, I walked through the crowded halls. A few guys let out wolf whistles and cat calls, and I didn't even look up. I just kept shuffling through my bag, trying to find a paper, when I bumped into someone. I fell backwards, and caught myself.

A junior scowled at me. "What where you're going!" He snapped. I glared at him. "Yeah, whatever." I folded my arms across my chest. He glared right back at me through amber eyes.

"Yo! Blaze, get over here!" Shooting me one last glare, he strode over to a group of jocks. I blinked. Jack "Blaze" Caterwane was a legend. His girlfriend is the only one who is able to calm him down. I felt sorry for the girl. I kept walking and walked past the library doors. I decided that I would just stay in the auditorium.

Opening the heavy doors, I stepped into the auditorium, to find it was already occupied. Someone in a black hoodie was dancing on the stage. It resembled the dragon hoodie the Silver Dragon wore, but it had no silver and no attachments.

I ducked behind the seats and watched. They had the same grace as the dancer I saw on Friday. I stood up and watched. He was singing a song to go along with his dance. I froze. It was the same boy as on the bus.

He looked up, and caught sight of me. He let out a yell of surprise, and ran off the stage. He grabbed a book from the floor before he left. Deciding not to go after him, I sat down in one of the seats and proceeded to do my homework.

I was starting to get uncomfortable. I stood up, and went to the stage. I took off my shoes and socks, and felt the cool floor against my feet. I smiled, and started spinning around. I had a rather nice side to me, if you could get close enough to see it.

My family members are the only ones who know that side of me. Not even Ruffnut and Heather know. I smiled and started laughing as I spun. I sat down, with my legs hanging over the edge of the stage; I laid back, closing my eyes. I let out a sigh.

The bell went off, disturbing the peaceful quiet I was in. I pulled on my socks and shoes and left the auditorium. We had a half day today " we do every Monday " so I was pretty used to leaving right after study hall.

I ran home instead of taking the bus. I got home faster that way. Dropping my bag in the hall, I yelled that I was leaving, and darted towards the harbor.

I settled down at the edge of the docks, where my boat sat. It was small, but it had an awning, and a table attached to the center. Seats lined the edges. I slid down into it, and laid down on the seat in the front. With a smile, I pulled out my lunch from my bag. My fingers brushed the package, which I had forgotten.

Pulling it out, I started to unwrap it carefully. Whatever was inside was fragile, I knew it. I held up the present by the string, hand clasped over my mouth. A sea dollar was strung on a silver string. It had pearls that were different colors " white, pink, golden, even two black ones lined the string. They went from the biggest towards the center, to the smallest farther out. I put it on, clasping it in the back. This thing must have cost a lot.

I loved it so much. It was just so beautiful. I looked at the note. It was written in the familiar slanted handwriting.

This compliments your beauty.

Thank you for just being alive.

You are a beautiful girl, Astrid.

_And I _

think I'm

starting to

_fall _

* * *

><p>I loved writing this chapter. It was so much fun. I like the idea of Astrid having another side to her that only her family sees. And I have an idea, for when Hiccup starts getting closer to

her. I think you've figured out who is sending the roses and gifts.

Blaze isn't my character, and he's not in the fandom exactly. But he's the only character from a different series in this story, so don't freak out! Caldea will be a recurring character, because its fun having her meddle in Hiccup's life.

4. Maybe

GOD DANG IT I AM HAVING A HARD TIME KEEPING UP WITH MY STORIES. Anyways, I'm on Spring Break so I'll start catching up. (Hopefully.)

* * *

><p>"Astrid, what the hell is wrong?" I slammed my locker shut, spinning on my heel and kicking whoever had been behind me in the shin. "What the heck Astrid!" Heather glared at me accusingly, rubbing her shin. I cringed, and forced an apologetic smile.

"Whoops. Sorry." Heather sighed, and ran a hand through her long black hair. It was tangled and messy, and she obviously hadn't brushed it. She pulled down the end of her shirt to wrinkle it, failing at doing so. She put her hands on her hips, and got into a sassy sort of stance. I bit my lip to keep from laughing - she looked so ridiculous! I really couldn't take her all that seriously when she was wearing a pale yellow bumble bee shirt and a hot pink skirt. She just looked like a little girl about to throw a tantrum. She rolled her eyes and I thought that I must have snorted or something.

"What were those little slips of paper." I stiffened, and gulped. I had to come back that afternoon to get the notes out of my locker. And just my luck, Heather had detention that day.

"Nothing." The words flew out of my mouth, and I knew they sounded far to rushed.

"Mm hm." Heather snorted. "Hand them over." I stuffed my hands in my pockets, making sure they were safe. I hissed when I realized Heather pickpocketed me. She leaned against my locker, flipping through my letters.

"Give them back!" I said, my voice rising an octave. Heather looked at me, raising her gaze slowly and then she grinned. She took off running and I groaned. I sprinted after her and saw a flash of auburn and brown out of the corner of my vision. I kept running though, and tried to tackle Heather. I lunged for her and grabbed the ends of her hair and yanked on accident. She squeaked in pain and struck her back leg out, catching me off guard. She took off again the moment I let go.

"_Heather!_" I yelled after her and kept running.

I skid to a stop, turning on my toes. I stood up straight when Blaze snatched the letters from my friend's hands. He turned and I stiffened when his crimson-like gaze locked onto me. He was very intimidating, in my point of view.

"Blaze," Caldea appeared and plucked the letters from the males hands and he stuffed his hands in his sweatshirt pockets, pulling up his hood. Heather scooted next to me as the notes were put back into my possession. Caldea gripped one of Blaze's hands and led him out of the hallway, linking their fingers together. I blinked slowly, then turned to Heather. I pushed her playfully. "Your paying for tonight." I smirked.

She scrunched up her nose and shrugged. "Fiiine." She groaned. We left the building, and I spotted Hiccup on one of the benches. Heather didn't even look at him as we passed by. I just blinked at him and we kept moving.

"Hey Astrid!" I stopped and turned, absentmindedly twirling a clump of my hair around my finger. Heather looked over her shoulder and turned. She made a face at Hiccup and folded her arms. "This better be good." She said quietly to me. I elbowed her lightly.

"Hey." I didn't smile at him or anything. I just hooked my thumbs in my pockets and raised my eyebrows.

"Cal and I figured we should find a time to work on our piece." His eyes strayed from my face to my neck. I stiffened and narrowed my eyes. He took a step forward and I stepped back.

"Hey, what are you doing, Useless?" Heather asked. "Leave her alo—" she went quiet. I shivered when I felt Hiccup's fingers on my skin. He pulled at the string connecting my necklace and he pulled it out. He looked at it, and I could tell automatically that he was fond of it. I frowned, almost positive he had never seen it before. The small part of me that was suspicious nagged in the back of my mind.

"... It looks beautiful on you, Astrid." He said quietly, and Hiccup let go of it. He blushed, his cheeks turning pink. I rolled my eyes. "How about tonight, five-thirty." It wasn't a suggestion, it was more of a command. Heather snorted.

"You have to do your drama piece with him? Good luck!" She laughed and left, doubling over in laughter.

Hiccup's face fell and he became very interested in his shoes.

"Don't listen to her, you suggested a great piece." I smiled and he looked at me.

"Oh... Thanks Astrid."

* * *

><p>Tonight's performance was amazing. The Silver Dragon seemed even better than usual, it was great!<p>

When we were leaving, I saw Caldea talking with someone. My heart gave a small lurch when I noticed it the hoodie they were wearing. The Silver Dragon stiffened up when he saw us, and his green eyes seemed to glow.

Caldea turned her head and I saw with a start, their eyes were the exact same. I shuddered and Heather and Ruffnut spotted him. They

squealed and ran over towards him and Caldea. The Silver Dragon pulled the hood down.

I ran after them, trying to get them back before they bugged him. I realized I didn't want them to annoy him.

"Can I have your autograph?" Heather begged.

"Take off your hood, please!" A few other girls surrounded him.

"No!" Caldea hissed at them, stepping in front of the Dragon.

"Get out of the way!" A girl huffed at her.

I stepped into the crowd, next to my friend.

"Step aside, Astrid!" Ruffnut huffed. Her ears were bright red, a sign that she was jealous.

"Your annoying him!" I hissed.

Caldea snickered.

"Go away." I looked at the Silver Dragon. His green eyes glowed, and my heartbeat quickened.

The girls squeaked and sprinted away, blushing darkly.

I felt someones hand grip mine and something slipped into my fingers. I felt my cheeks prickle with heat.

"Thanks Astrid." the Silver Dragons voice reached my ears and my blush grew darker.

Caldea smiled at me and folded her arms. The warmth surrounding my hand disappeared and the dancer was gone.

"He likes you, you know." Caldea said, walking away.

I remained speechless.

* * *

><p>AKDALHDA I AM SO SORRY I HAVE WRITERS BLOCK RIGHT NOW
ZBKFNABJKFBJEKAAOTHAWAIUO

5. Hiccup's Viewpoint

CHAPTER FROM HICCUPS POINT OF VIEW

I don't own HTTYD

"Cal, can you give me a ride?" I looked at my sister, eyebrows raised. She didn't even look up from her book. "Cally?"

"No, I'm not giving you a ride until you stand up to those retarded bullies. Simple as that." I groaned and scrunched up my nose at her. "You suck."

"Don't like my standards? Either ride your bike or find another ride." I shut up, running a hand through my auburn hair. I went back up to my room and looked at my hoodie, hanging on its hanger. I smiled. I felt like myself when I could dance. And I could actually talk to Astrid, because she doesn't know who I am.

"I told her that you like her." I was sucked out of my daydream as I stared, horrified, at my younger sister.

"Why?!" I asked.

"Why not?" I glared at her and she glared right back. I grabbed my pack and stormed out, slightly furious. I sat down on the curb, and opened up my sketchbook. I started sketching, not really paying any attention to what I was drawing. When I was finished I felt heat prickle my neck as I saw what I had drawn. The last ten or so pages were filled with sketches of Astrid. Since I had moved in, I had been head-over-heels in love with her.

Not like I could help it. But she never notices me, and she never taunted me like the others. Fishlegs was sort of nice to me, but no one paid any attention to that. He was kept away from me at all times. I turned the page and focused my mind on something. Toothless is a good idea. I started drawing him. You see, Toothless is my cat. He's pure black with kind of olive colored eyes. He's really sassy for a cat, actually. Cally took in his sister and named her Drizzle, who is really shy and the exact opposite of Toothless. Both of them ADORE getting in trouble, I swear.

The bus rolled up and I stood. I boarded the bus and sat down in a seat automatically to avoid getting harassed. I put my backpack on my lap and started digging through it. I paled, realizing that my book was gone. I looked up when someone sat next to me and I felt my cheeks warm up.

"Hey Hiccup." Astrid looked at me, then at a small, brown book bound in leather. I paled as she opened it and started flipping through the pages. She had my sketch book.

"Astrid—" I said weakly. She didn't seem to hear me.

"These pictures are really good," Astrid commented as she looked at them. "Wonder who drew them." I reached for it and she turned.

"You can look at it after, Hic." She snorted, and I frowned. She sounded like Caldea. She stiffened and I peered over her shoulder, and my blood ran cold. She had gotten to my sketches of her.

I snatched the book and hid it in my backpack, blushing. I stayed silent but I felt Astrid's blue eyes burning into the side of my head as I just stared straight ahead.

"That's yours?" I nodded. I stayed exceedingly quiet, listening to the loud conversations on the bus. My head shot up when Astrid kissed my cheek, and heat exploded across my face. I folded my arms and stared out the window, grinning.

The moment we got to school I saw Caldea waiting for me. I stood next to her, and Astrid walked up. "I saw you at the Silver Dragon

performance last night, Cal." She chirped. I knew Astrid liked watching the Silver Dragon, AKA Me, dance. I had given her a rose made out of the same fabric that the silver scales on my hoodie were made of. . "But," She looked at me.

"Where were you?"

I gulped. "Oh, uh, I uh had stuffâ€œ to doâ€œ" I blushed again, feeling her stormy gaze on me. I turned and darted to the school. I instinctively kicked Snotlout, who had gotten hold of my backpack. With a hiss, he let go and I darted to get inside. I made a beeline straight for the auditorium, where I dropped my backpack in the front seats. I kicked off my converse and scrambled on stage. I had always loved dancing, because it was fun. I had been here two months â€œ almost three â€œ and the only time I could be myself (I am actually kind of sassy, and sarcastic. My attitude makes up for my small demeanor.) was when I was dancing.

After a little bit, I was getting tired and the bell was going to ring soon. I put on my sneakers and grabbed my bag and ran out of the auditorium. I made a small salute to Caldea and Jack, whom just gave a nod and resumed talking to my sister.

I grabbed my stuff and went to art. I sat down and the teacher said in a bored voice, "You have a free day. Do whatever you want." Thrilled, I went and grabbed a sheet of thick, white paper, pushing aside people and grabbing charcoal pencils. I pushed back to my seat, huffing. I put my ear buds in and turned on my phone. I leaned over my paper, and started drawing.

I held up my picture, pride swelling in my chest. It was Toothless looking up at me innocently with his "What did I do?" Face, with the pieces of a smashed vase lay next to him in shatters.

"Nice picture, cat-man!" Someone from the other side of the room hollered. The room burst into giggles, and I stood up. I turned and faced whoever said that, and saw Rory looking all smug, with his arms crossed.

"Oh, yeah. _I'm _the cat-boy? What about you, with the twenty million pictures of cats in your locker." I glared and Rory's face turned bright red. The bell rang and I walked out, my head held high. I walked into my next class, smirking.

Astrid looked at me, wearing the necklace I gave her, and then she looked at Caldea.

"Who are you an what have you done with Hiccup," Caldea and Astrid stared at me and I just burst out laughing.

Okay FINALLY IM NOT DEAD AND I FINALLY HAD AN UPDATE

End
file.